

# The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 34.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1799.

VOL. I.

## THE VOW PREVENTED;

A TALE.

IN early times, ere yet the age of chivalry had passed away, and in the fertile and romantic country of Spain, lived Don Sandoval, a nobleman of ancient family and large fortune. He possessed all the Castilian haughtiness and pride of blood, and nothing was held by him in such abhorrence as a degradation of his dignity, or stain on his honour, contracted by any unworthy family connexion. Frequently he boasted that not one of his immediate ancestors, for five hundred years, had ever been known to defile his hands by manual industry, or contract his soul by trade or merchandise: the glorious profession of arms they had alone cultivated. Their swords had been gallantly drawn on little or no provocation; they had murdered and persecuted the Moors; poured the vengeance of orthodox zeal on heretics; held the peasants who tilled their lands in due subjection; and acted on every occasion as became men of nobility and honour.

Don Sandoval had a daughter of a character somewhat unfamiliar to his own. Her nature was gentle and beneficent; and pride entered not into her composition. She was young and beautiful, and had many admirers; but as her father continually discovered something amiss either in their pedigrees or their estates, and they were perfectly indifferent to herself, they none of them proved *thriving wooers*.

But among the acquaintances of her father, rather than her suitors, was an accomplished youth of the name of Don Ramirez, who had considerably attracted her attention; and, at length, when she least expected it, suddenly made to her the most fervent protestations of love. The arts of amorous negotiation, as practised by skilful females, were utterly unknown to her, and even though they had been so, and she could have descended to employ them, she was so taken by surprise, and found her heart already so interested, that she would have been unable to have had recourse to them. Whatever answer, therefore, she might make, her manner was such as convinced Ramirez he was by no means unacceptable.

This secret amour now proceeded regularly, their love for each other daily increased, and having canvassed the nature of the affair, and neither of them being able to discover any objection which Don Sandoval could make, they determined to lay their mutual intentions before him for his approbation.

Don Ramirez accordingly waited on Don Sandoval in form, apprised him of the violent

affection he had conceived for his daughter, explained to him his situation and his prospects, and was received rather favourably.

But Don Sandoval having instituted a strict inquiry into the family and estates of the young man, had not been able to satisfy himself of the purity of blood in the one, or the sufficient extent of the other; though the latter was a defect he was much more inclined to overlook than the other. But in both he found too many flaws; and Don Delcastro, a nobleman of high pretensions and high descent, making a majestic offer of his love to Donna Clara about the same time, her father commanded her to receive him favourably, and think no more of Don Ramirez.

His daughter, however, could not so easily reconcile herself to obey the harsh command: the prohibition, relative to the man she loved, only increased her aversion to his rival; and finding all reasonable remonstrance to her father in vain, she lost the cheerfulness natural to her, and resigned herself to gloom and melancholy.

To wean her affections from the object on which they were fixed, her father, by the advice of Don Delcastro, caused the grossest falsehoods relative to Don Ramirez to be told her by various persons, in so artful a manner, that, notwithstanding her high regard for him, she could not help feeling a doubt that she had been deceived in him. He was represented to her as having treated her with the utmost levity and most evident disregard, and the utmost pains were taken to insinuate that real love for her had never had any place in his heart; but that all his professions of it originated from sinister and base motives.

This profound scheme of these two men of honour succeeded partially, but not wholly; it pained the heart of the amiable Clara, and changed her melancholy to despair; but it produced no disposition favourable to the views of Don Delcastro. Clara determined to retire from a world in which she had seen her fondest hopes disappointed, and, as she believed, her affection, sincerity, and fidelity, deluded and insulted. With this view she applied secretly to father Geronimo, her father's confessor, who, after having represented to her the arduous vow she was about to take, and exhorted her well to weigh what she was about to undertake, but finding her still persist in her determination, directed her to come to him to the convent where he resided, at a certain time he appointed, and he would discourse farther with her, and give such instruction as might suit her situation, and the resolution she had taken.

To the convent she repaired, as she had been directed, and as she was about to enter, to her

great surprise was accosted by Don Ramirez, who had maintained a correspondence with the good father Jeronimo, and by him had been informed of what had passed in the family of Don Sandoval, since his exclusion from the house; of the manner in which he had been traduced to his adored Clara, and of her determination, in consequence, to take the veil. He threw himself on his knees before her, informed her that he knew something of the arts and falsehoods that had been employed against him, and entreated her to hear his justification.—She heard him; she believed him; she melted into tears.—The good father came out of the convent;

“Why, said he, should not those whose hearts heaven and affection have joined, be united by the holy ordinances of the church? Commit yourselves to my care, my children, I will undertake to plead for you to your father.”

They followed him into the convent and were married by him, after which he accompanied them to the presence of Don Sandoval, over whose superstition he possessed an almost absolute command. He addressed him with so much energy and reason, remonstrated with him with so much sincerity, on the falsehood he meanly descended to employ, and on the danger he had risked of rendering his daughter unhappy the remainder of her life, that he induced him to pardon the precipitate step that had been taken to withdraw her from his authority, to *prevent a vow*, which, not being taken from motives of piety, but from disappointment, could not have been entitled to the favour of Heaven, and to render two persons happy, who ardently and sincerely loved each other.

## ALLEGORIES.

The Understanding is like the Sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world; but the Memory, regarding those things only that are past, is like the Moon which is new and full, and has her wane by turns.

On the tower of Ambition hangs the dial of Industry, where the Sun of good fortune marks the time and progress of Friendship on the figure of Ambition.

Wit is like a lily. The one is as pleasing to the ear, as the other is to the eye. Wit naturally fades, and if not timely gathered soon withers and dies.



## AN EVENING MEDITATION.

Now all is hushed, and nature seems to make a pause; the sun has withdrawn his radiance, yet the gloom from yonder western sky bespeaks him still at hand, promising to return with his reviving warmth, when nature is refreshed with darkness.

The moon borrows her light, and bestows it upon us; she arises in silent majesty, humbly waiting to reign when he resigns his throne. No chorus ushers in his reign, no rays pronounce her approach; gently she steals on the world, and sits in silent majesty to view the good she does. She lights the wandering traveller; she warms the earth with gentle heat; she dazzles not the eye of the philosopher, but invites him to view and to admire—How still is nature! not a breeze! each tree enjoys its shadow undisturbed, the unruffled rivers glide smoothly on, reflecting nature's face; here thro' this road, by the side of this fair stream, let me steal gently, step by step, wrapped up in future thoughts.—A time will come when earth, and seas, and sun, and stars, will be no more—what then will be my thoughts—Think, oh then now!—Think—that time is nothing to eternity, think,—all nature, sun, and earth, and man, and angels, are nothing—to thy God.—Think, that thou art to thyself thy all; thyself once lost, nothing can give thee joy or pain from without, but all will be concentrated in thy own misery: if happiness be thy lot, then wilt thou be capable of enjoying also the happiness of others, thus redoubling thy own.

Oh! my soul, behold yon spangled sky—count the number of the stars—No—thy counting fails, then think on that eternity which awaits thee in another world; think too now, how great is the goodness of God, to grace our little world with beauties to attract the eye and captivate the mind. Beauties by day to cheer, to enliven, to call forth thy active powers, to baffle with the busy, beauties and blessings inviting thee to see, to taste, to smell, to hear.—Beauties too, Oh see, by night, beauties transcendent and glorious; such as draw up the eye to yon vast concave, where the mind's eye follows in silent wonder, quickly passing from star to star, till struck with the beauty of the whole, it feels "the hand that made it is divine."

Passion, at this silent hour and awful scene shrinks away unperceived, and every light idea flies off. The mind takes the reins, and the body seems for a while to partake of that spiritual nature it will have hereafter. Listen then, while reason is uninterrupted, to the silent councils of nature;—every shadow whispers, such are you! A breeze may blow you away—tomorrow you may be no more; tread then,—as now—with caution through the slippery paths of life; beware of the briars and thorns that lie athwart your way; mistake not shadow for substance. Brush away, as the dew on the ground, at every step, the little affairs that momentary rise to check your progress towards heaven.

This river too has its lesson to give, she is like the cool hour of reflection, when conscience gives back the actions of our life in legible characters. Oh may they be as smooth! See, says

she, how fair is my face! how transparent I am! You see my depth; even the ground whence I spring is open to your view. Let your conscience be ever as smooth, as clear, as open; let your breast need no disguise, so will no troubled waters impede your heavenly voyages.

Now again behold the stars, they have a language; and with a powerful tongue, they call on me to adore the Great King of Heaven and Earth, whose name they write in golden characters, legible to all mankind. They proclaim him, *Creator of all Worlds, and the Friend of Man.*

Let me, then, often read their book and listen to their tale.—Let me, like them, proclaim my Maker's praise, by shining in the orb in which his hand has placed me; nor ever leap the bound, nor strive to rise above, nor dare to sink beneath the sphere wherein I am. So when the sun, and stars, and earth shall be no more; my Creator shall raise me to another world, "To shine like the stars for evermore."

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

*With an Allegorical Description of her Person.*

As you are a tenant at will, in a very handsome and genteel house, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, ruling it by the maxims of economy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints, in an affair of so much importance.

Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw or spot that may accidentally touch it; it is erected of a proper height, a just size, reared on a regular plan, and furnished with the most accurate proportion; on the top stands an eminent turret furnished with a room of globular form, which I observe has two crystal windows in the front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive prospect, and if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at night, and you may open them as soon as you please in the morning: In each side I discover a small portal to receive company; take care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with visitors and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructing parent, the advising friend; or the supplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in front, at which all your company go out; let that generally be barred close—be cautious what visitors you let out publicly, lest any of ill character be seen coming from it, and you draw a scandal upon your house.—It will be necessary, therefore, to lay a strict injunction of vigilance on your two porters who stand centinels in liveries of the deepest scarlet, just without the ivory palisades. I have seen some people paint the two pannels just below the windows, but I would advise you to the contrary, for your natural colours far exceed all the decorations of art; beneath this is the great hall in which you have a small closet of

exquisite workmanship—this is the place I suppose of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself or some intimate friend. I advise you to keep this always clean, furnished well; make it a little library of the first practical authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea-table. Let the outside of the house not appear like a hall hung round with escutcheons, nor like a coach of state bedaubed with guilt and colouring, but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament. You are sensible time effaces the beauty and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little tenant subject to the same change; doubtless it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations that the house will one day fall; you may soon be turned out—the landlord may give you warning or may not, this is uncertain; be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice. One thing I would observe too, is that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but, it will lie in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the same materials; but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident or decay, and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be renewed in some other place, I heartily wish it may be in a fine country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms—then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease expire.

C.

*Account of the Hetze, or Combats of Wild Beasts, as exhibited at Buda, the Capital of Hungary.*

ON Sundays and great festivals, the public is entertained here, as at Vienna, with the *Hetze*. The proprietors have two very fine wild bulls. The day I was a spectator of this polite and humane amusement, one was turned out on the arena, and at the same time an Hungarian ox; this attacked the former, but was immediately thrown down; but our English bulls would have disputed the ground with him to greater advantage: an Hungarian ox and a *Bos ferus* are very unequally matched. Then came a *Raube Bear*; this is a bear that has been kept without food for several days, and rendered savage by hunger. On another bear being let out a battle ensued; the latter was so much inferior in size that the contest did not last long; the *Raube Bear* kept the other which seemed no ways ferocious, down with his paws, and strangled him, by seizing him by the throat, and then carried him into his den. The great disparity in size and strength rendered this a most disagreeable sight. The white Greenland bear afforded more entertainment. In the middle of the arena, there was a small pool of water, with a duck in it. As soon as the bear came to the edge of the pool, the duck laid itself flat and motionless on the surface of the water. The bear leaped in, the duck dived, and the bear dived after it; but the duck esca-



ped, through its superior diving. The next piece was a bold attempt of one of the keepers to wrestle with an ox. As soon as the keeper came upon the arena, the ox ran at him. The man, who was not above the middle size, seized his antagonist by the horns, who pushed him, indeed, from one side of the arena to the other, but could not toss him. After the battle had lasted some time, and the ox had got the keeper near the side of the arena, and might have hurt him, some assistants came out, disengaged him from the wall, and gave him his dagger, which he immediately struck between the cervical vertebrae of his antagonist, which instantly fell lifeless to the ground; but small convulsive motions continued for a minute or two. In this manner the oxen are killed by the butchers at Gibraltar, who, I am told, have learned it from their African neighbours. Might not the magistrates of towns recommend this method to their butchers, and, if found better than the usual manner of knocking them down, even compel them to adopt it? Every means of diminishing the sufferings of the brute creation should be recommended, not only from humanity towards them, but for the sake of our own society. Men accustomed to be cruel towards animals, will require but a small inducement to be so to their own species. A lion came next upon the stage, and one with all his native majesty; conscious of his strength, he looked undauntedly about, to see if he had any opponent; but he was brought ought only for show. From the hole in the upper part of the gate of the arena, a handkerchief was put out, and instantly drawn back. he flew at this in an instant. Some other animals were turned out, and were glad to get into their dens again. One of the keepers showed us his address in spearing a wild boar, which ran at him as soon as he came on the arena.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

DIONISIUS the tyrant of Syracuse, from a just apprehension of his life, was so fearful to lose it, that he removed his friends from court and put himself into the hands of dangerous aliens. He was in such fear of barbers, that he taught his own daughters to shave him, and when they were grown to maturity, he durst not suffer them to come so near his throat with a razor, and therefore instructed them how to burn off his hair and beard with the white filices of walnuts. He durst not enter his wife's apartment, before the room and bed were narrowly searched.—When he diverted himself in playing at ball, he commonly delivered his cloak and sword to a boy he loved and trusted;—upon which one of his familiar friends said to him, in a jesting manner, "Now you put your life in a boy's hands." At which the boy smiling, and the tyrant observing it, he commanded them both to be killed immediately; one for instructing him how to kill him, and the other for seeming to consent to it with a smile; but notwithstanding all his care and fear, he at length perished by the hands of his subjects.

## The Dessert

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1799.

### FOR THE DESSERT.

Mr. BRADFORD.

In the Dessert of Saturday before last I observed Evelina's advertisement for a *little, fly, good for-nothing runaway* of a heart, or *else the half of it.*—This part of the disconsolate female, must surely have been held by an exceedingly slight tenure to have so easily escaped from her bosom, and her knowledge of it must have been very imperfect not to admit of a positive assurance whether the whole or only a part had eloped—I say eloped—for I cannot suppose any man acquainted with its prospects (as described by the owner) could be so imprudent as to steal it—or if ignorant thereof—engage in so hazardous an adventure.—Now as the fair one seems avaricious to regain possession of the wanderer—possibly the following narrative may be of more consequence towards effecting that object.—Traveling from this city eastward on a night not long since, I saw something fluttering about much like an ignis fatuus and emitting a pale light resembling that meteor—or very similar to what we observe in stale fish hung in the dark—being curious to know what this odd object could be, I caught it after some little trouble—on examination I found its shape was much like a human heart—but it was entirely hollow—the mere superficies of a heart—being convinced that it was as the lady observes *good for nothing*, I let it go again, and it fluttered off—on relating the circumstance to a friend of mine he informed me the thing had been frequently seen thereabouts and was of so mischievous a nature that several travellers, deluded by its deceitful light had been led out of their road by it to their great detriment.—

As I can designate the exact spot where this happened—if the lady thinks this the one she has lost and will favour me with her address I shall be happy to give her every information in my power.

THEOPHILUS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EUGENIO's Communication must be revised, and amended by him, before it can be admitted.

Several other pieces, are unavoidably postponed, but will appear in our next.

### FOR THE DESSERT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS a certain female, some days previous, advertised for a part of her heart, lost in a social company some evenings since, and judging she may be in want of it: if perchance the absolute "disposer of one of our passions" should give her a summons: Wherefore if she deigns to impart (choosing her own mode) to the present possessor of that valuable part, as she can only know where it is deposited, and the thief may not be conscious of what he is charged to possess; the writer of this presumes to say it shall be returned if admissible; or the whole purchased for a correspondent value.

### EXCHANGE.

## Hall of Hymen.

### —MARRIED—

—On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. THOMAS PERKINS, of this city, to Miss SARAH ROBINSON, of Naaman's creek, state of Delaware.

—On Thursday the 14th, inst. at the Friends meeting-house, in upper Freehold, West-Jersey, Mr. JAMES BROWN, to Miss HANNAH SWINS.

—On Thursday evening the 21st. ult. by the Rev. Uriah Dubois, Col. ERKUIS BEATTY, of Castle Howard, near Princeton, New-Jersey, to Mrs. SUSANNAH FERGUSON, of this city.

—On Thursday evening, the 21st. ult. by the Rev. Dr. White, Mr. JOSHUA PERCIVAL, to Miss SARAH CUTHBERT, daughter of Mr. Anthony Cuthbert, both of this city.

—On Tuesday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. JOHN LYNE, to Miss LETISHER STIMMEL, both of this city.

—On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. JAMES HOUSTON, of the Bank of Pennsylvania, to Miss ANN WATKINS, daughter of Mr. Joseph Watkins of this city.

## Repository of Death.

### —DIED—

—On Wednesday, the 26th ult. Col. JACOB ENGLE, of Germantown.

—On Sunday, the 24th, ult. at Mount-Holly, in the 22d. year of his age, Mr. CHARLES BISPHAM, of that place.

—On Wednesday morning last, Miss ELIZABETH LEIPER, in the 22d year of her age, niece of Mr. Thomas Leiper, of this city.

—On the 17th ult. Mrs. MARTHA CONOVER, of this city, wife of Dr. CONOVER, and daughter of William Lewis, Esq.





# FOR THE DESSERT.

MR. BRADFORD,

By inserting, in your Dessert, the following lines, delivered by the Reverend Ezekiel Cooper, in the Funeral Sermon of the Reverend John Dickins, you will oblige,

Yours,

W. N.

Is DICKINS dead? our pious Christian friend;  
Let us record his name, his life, his end:  
His deeds were good, and great, and well approv'd,  
By those who knew him, he was much belov'd.  
Upon life's stage he acted well his part:  
His head was wise, and virtuous was his heart;  
But few far worth that e'er did him excel,  
He knew and taught the art of living well.  
For many years the ways of God he tried:  
A saint he lived, and like a saint he died.  
For a bright crown he has laid down the cross,  
'Tis gain to him—but great to us the loss.  
The fight of faith most valiantly he fought,  
The glory of his blessed Lord he sought:  
With constant care he lived a holy life,  
And kept the faith, amidst of war and strife.  
The narrow way he kept, with even steady pace,  
And finish'd well his pious Christian race:  
He always kept the heavenly prize in view,  
And sought, and ran, and urged his passage through;  
Henceforth, for him, there is laid up above,  
A crown of life, of glory, and of love,  
Which is prepared for all the saints of God,  
Who live by faith in the Redeemer's blood:  
To him the Righteous Judge will say, "*Well done!*"  
The strife is o'er, by thee the prize is won.  
Come, take a seat close by thy Saviour's side,  
And in my glory evermore abide."  
With Christ he reigns in everlasting rest,  
From us he's gone to dwell among the blest;  
No more to suffer pain, or grief, or woe,  
His troubles all were ended here below.  
Loud hallelujahs now dwell upon his tongue,  
While all the saints in glory join the song.  
Let us but live like him, and like him die,  
Then we, like him, shall dwell with Christ on high:  
Let us but live a life of faith and love,  
And we again shall meet our friend above:  
And if we meet upon that happy shore,  
No dire disease, or death, shall part us more.

\* Mr. Dickins died during the prevalence of the late malignant fever.

# FOR THE DESSERT.

## ELEGY,

On the Death of MR. JAMES DAVEY, Ger-

man.

Ort has the muse, in plaintive measures, sung,  
With cheek bedew'd, the blood-impurpled plain,  
Full of the harp intune'd forrow strung,  
To mourn the fate of fav'rite heroes slain.  
A task more painful now distracts his mind,  
With harp and song his exit to bemoan,  
Snatch'd, ah! too soon, from earth, by fates unkind,  
In whom resplendent ev'ry virtue shone.  
Weep on, sweet maid, and pay the tribute due  
To matchless worth and honesty sincere,  
To heart untainted and to friendship true,  
Nor check too soon the sympathetic tear.  
No more shall we behold that manly face,  
No more those philosophic accents hear,  
No more with pleasure view that modest grace  
No more enjoy whatever made him dear.  
All, all, alas! are buried in the tomb,  
His fertile genius and his science too,  
His gentle manners wither'd in their bloom,  
His each perfection rival'd but by few.  
Ah! why ye powers, ah! why demand, so soon,  
Your earthly plant whose blossoms flourish'd here,  
Why crop these flow'rets just arriv'd at noon,  
Why stretch untimely on the funeral bier.  
Nor fragrant flowers, nor opening roses sweet,  
Nor all the skill the gard'ner cou'd bestow,  
Nor stalk itself from death's keen scythe retreat,  
By one sad stroke their honours are laid low:  
But hark!—his guardian angel hov'ring nigh,  
On wings cherubic with seraphic voice,  
Declares his mandate from th' expecting sky,  
"This soul is mine, 'tis now bright heaven's choice."  
Then, dearest shade, farewell! now share the joys,  
For thee th' Almighty has reserved in store,  
Far, far superior to these worldly toys—  
Joys lasting sure, 'till time shall be no more."

CASSANDER.

## ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

IN young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged; though at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth, are mere combinations in pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likenesses, suddenly contracted, and suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connections should be avoided,

least they afterwards load us with dishonour.

We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement.

We should not expose ourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy; which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. We should not reveal any secrets of our friend; but be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger; and abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt.

In the choice of friends, a principal regard should be had to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they possess taste and genius, that will make them more agreeable and useful companions. To those who deserve the name of friends we should always unboast ourselves with the most unsuspecting confidence. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make us, upon the whole, much happier than a suspicious one, although by it we may sometimes suffer.

Coldness and distrust are but the too-certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings and need not be anticipated before their time. We should never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. They are sacred deposits which do not belong to us, nor have we any right to make use of them.

## BERTRAND & AMARILLA.

### A FRAGMENT.

—SEE yonder precipice! which rudely hangs its head o'er the wide sheeted lake:—On that the lovely *Amarilla* her nightly vigils kept with the lov'd ghost of *Bertrand*. *Bertrand* the gay, the witty, and the brave (peace to his shade!) ador'd his *Amarilla*. But she, alas! enslav'd by the silly caprice of the sex, disdain'd his proffer'd vows, although within her bosom there dwelt a flame as bright as heavenly fire, or that which reigns within the bosom of an *Anchorite*, when his uplifted soul is placed on heavenly things. The youth being led by that dire rage which too oft attends disdain'd love, and hurried on by the impetuous whirlwind of passion, mounted the summit of that awful rock, and, with a frightful wildness in his looks, leaped from the dreary top!

The spirits of the lake received him in their azure arms, and soon by gentlest wafting rested his corpse upon the willowed bank.

The nymph when first she heard the news of *Bertrand's* death,—not all the eloquence of piety, though urged in heavenly strains, could hinder her from falling into an ecstasy of passion,—tearing her auburn locks, and nightly upon the summit of the rock held converse with the shade of *Bertrand*.—Long did she observe this custom; 'till one rude boisterous night, a mighty whirlwind rose, and with irresistible force hurried the fair mourner into the dread abyss!